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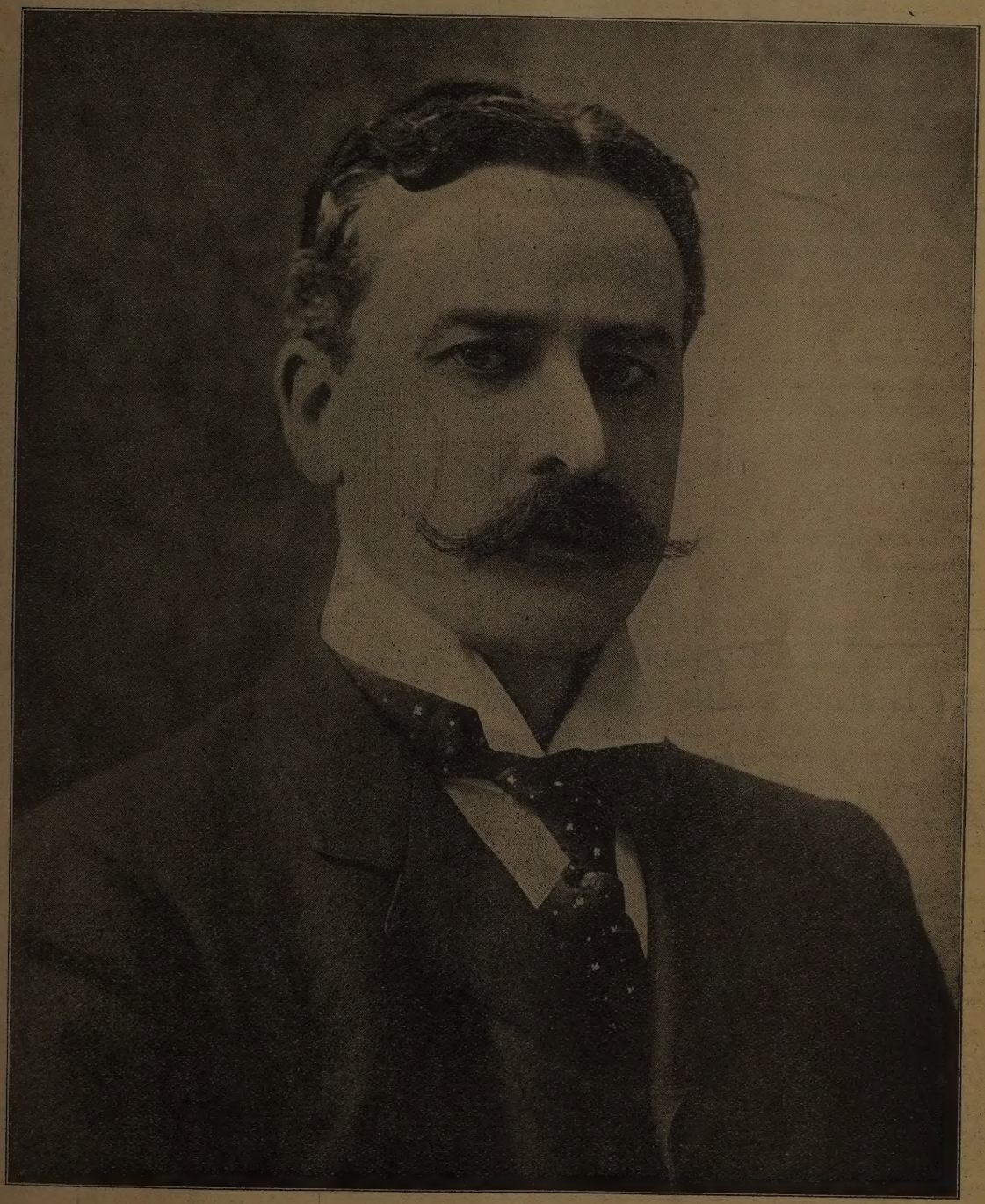
OLD SERIES, VOL. 39. CHICAGO, JULY 29, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.



HON. CARTER H. HARRISON, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: PAGE.

Notes — 447
A Man for Mayor — 448
England's Responsibility in India — 449
Temperance: Fundamental Propositions — 450

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:

The Dragon Fly (Sonnet)—Mary Morrison — 451
The Hebrews in Egypt—L. D. Burdick — 451
Comment on the Same—J. L. J. — 452
Common Sense in Religion — 454

THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT:

The Social Value of the Saloon—C. J. B. C. — 456

THE STUDY TABLE:

Robert Browning in Rochester—W. C. G. — 457

THE HOME:

Helps to High Living — 458
The Flower Jot Found (poem) — 458
The Shelf in the Attic — 458
Useful Baboon — 459

THE LIBERAL FIELD:

Summer Sundays — 460
The Profession of Librarian — 460
The Consumer's League — 460
Lithia Springs Asembly — 460
Rev. B. Fay Mills — 460
Madison, Wis. — 460

OLD AND NEW:

Voltaire or the Vatican — 460
Paul Revere, the Dentist — 460
Puritan Piety — 461

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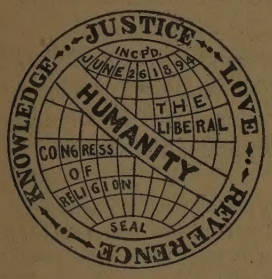
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1897. NUMBER 22



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

Now to really know the soul, the thoughts, and judgments of any man is impossible, till he hath proved himself on the touchstone of office and lawgiving. For to my mind, whoso cleaveth not to the best counsels, when a whole city is in his control, but through some fear keepeth his words locked up, is and ever has been the sorriest of knaves; and whoso thinketh a friend is to take his country's place and rank before her, him I make of no account. For I—so help me Zeus, whose eye is ever over all!—I would not hold my peace, if I saw ruin threatening the citizens in the place of safety, nor ever deem the country's foe a friend of mine, knowing, as I do, that it is she who keeps us safe, and that we make us friends indeed, only when she carries us on even keel. SOPHOCLES IN ANTIGONE.

A solitary reader of THE NEW UNITY writes: "Dr. Thomas's recent sermon on 'Progressive Perfection' is so restful. It has made me less of an anarchist, and I look forward with greater hope."

Any evidence that THE NEW UNITY is being read by its subscribers is gratifying to the editor. Such attention and interest was witnessed to by the large number of subscribers who took the pains to send to the editor some back numbers recently asked for necessary to complete his file. We again find that, owing to the demand for sample copies and the generous response thereto at the central office, their files have run low, and that we need a few copies of the issue of March 4th, 18th, and 25th, and April 15th and 22d. Such copies, addressed to the publisher, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, will be duly taken care of and used to complete the files which we try to preserve for the benefit of the future. Sometime, perhaps, in a very few libraries there will be a complete file of THE NEW UNITY which will be of interest to some antiquarians and curiosity-seekers, if none other.

E. C. Moore, in the July number of the *American Journal of Sociology*, published under the auspices of the University of Chicago, has a study of the "Social Value of the Saloon," which presents the subject in a somewhat startling light to many temperance agitators. Mr. Moore has made "laboratory study" of the Nineteenth Ward of Chicago, which in 1896 had a population of 48,280. For all this population he finds but four churches. His conclusion is "that the saloonkeeper is the only man who keeps open house in the ward. It is his business to entertain." He also argues that he furnishes the stimulus that renders social life possible. He manages a "social center," and generally is himself a "social leader." Further, the saloon in this territory is a food-distributing center, a place where a hungry man can get as much as he wants to eat and drink for the smallest price. As a rule, "the food is notoriously good and the price notoriously cheap." Our associate, C. J. B. C., will deal with the dangerous fallacies and the astounding complacency in the presence of this awful curse, as it deserves in another column of this issue. Meanwhile we must admit this underlying truth of the article,—the saloon cannot be done away with until something is invented to take its place on these legitimate lines, and to do this most legitimate of work. In short, the saloon will stay as long as the church delegates to it so much of its own work.

The *Home and Club Life*, of Boston, the official organ of the Womans' City Relief Association, says "Fashion is atheistic; it denies the orderliness and reasonableness of the creation. It asserts that there is no standard of test or fitness; that it is all a matter of whim and changing opinion." The article goes on to argue that the perception of beauty and fitness should be something primary, and that it is reached only by culture, that it is "related to holiness. It comes of sound moral health. A cowboy may have it and a college professor may have it not. The maid may have it and the mistress may not." The article continues to argue that "there is something morally wrong at the heart of the civilization where the men wear top-hats and the women puffed sleeves and hooped skirts." The list might be extended indefinitely into the realm of razor-toed

shoes, women's crazy-looking hats, painfully-constructed coiffures, and the grotesque extravagance of the full-dress (?) occasions. Each of the above items may be called into question, but that there is a saneness at the core of the argument and that sometime dress will be elevated into the realms of morals and will carry with it not only the implication of ethical significance but ethical responsibility, we cannot doubt without doubting the permanency and progressiveness of civilization itself.

The *Eight Hour Herald* has this sensible word to say about arbitration in case of dispute between the employer and the employees:

> In the United States and among American workingmen the settlement of labor disputes by arbitration has always been popular. The opposition usually comes from the employer. But capital must learn to live not for profit alone, but should remember that labor is its handmaid, and profit at the unjust expense of the laborer is a moral as well as a social crime. The principle of appealing to the judgment, intelligence, and fair play of a tribunal without the ceremony and technicality of courts is peculiarly adapted to the American workingman.

The Free Religious Association has, through its officers, secured the attendance at the Nashville congress of the following as its delegates, the expenses of whom it provides for: the Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, Dr. L. G. Janes, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, and Edwin D. Mead. This is the second organization as such, to notify us of its official delegates and to qualify for the privilege, the first being the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Other Independent Societies, which sends Rev. W. D. Simonds. The Illinois State convention of Universalists, has also sent genial words of fellowship, with good intentions which may ripen into delegates. Are there not other organizations who will honor themselves and prove their prophetic vision by doing likewise? Among those whose attendance at Nashville is assured are Rev. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio; Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, and many others to be mentioned hereafter.

Few and impressive were the words of Miss Helen Culver, a ward and relative of Mr. Hull, whose wealth she administered by entrusting it to the University of Chicago, to build with it the great biological laboratories. The way in which she discharged this unexpressed trust does credit to her judgment, as it will commemorate most conspicuously and worthily the name of him who accumulated the wealth. In these days, when spirit so often foolishly arrays itself against matter, there is an infatuated class that even in the name of science would contemn the material, if not deny its existence altogether, hoping thereby to make themselves more religious and ally themselves more intimately with the God of the universe. It is refreshing to come upon such words as those spoken by Miss Culver, an extract of which is printed below, as she turned over the building to the custody of the University administration at the recent convocation. Science begins in a recognition of the validity of consciousness and the integrity of the senses as they report the phenomena of the outer world, and any "Christianity" that begins by ignoring this testimony and denying this validity will stop short of that pure religion whose foundation is "the knowing of truth." And its teachings will be anything but scientific though it incorporates the word in its rather boastful name.

> I believe that I should not do better than to name, as his heirs and representatives, those lovers of the light, who in all generations, and from all ranks, give their years to the search for truth, and especially those forms of inquiry which explore the Creator's will, as expressed in the laws of life, and the means of rendering lives more sound and wholesome. I have believed that moral evils would grow less as knowledge of their relation to physical life prevails—and that science which is knowing, knowing the truth, is a foundation of pure religion."

A Man for Mayor.

From time to time we have given considerable editorial attention in these columns to the political agitations and civic interests of Chicago and the state of Illinois, not because THE NEW UNITY would become a local paper or because it forgets that the general reader outside of these limits is not particularly interested in such local affairs, but because we believe that the political disgraces and civic humiliations of Chicago and Illinois are typical, and because we believe further that religion has no task on hand that begins to equal in importance this task of renovating the state,— rescuing politics from the hands of the professional self-seeking politician. Of all "rings," "combinations," and "trusts," the political ones are most to be dreaded.

The moralist has arrived at a clear and safe conclusion that private purity and individual morality are ultimately linked with and dependent upon corporate purity and civic morality. Social ethics is inseparable from individual ethics.

It is quite in our line then to put upon our front page this week the face of the mayor of Chicago, Carter H. Harrison, as a man who has brought unexpected encouragement to the workers for civic integrity and political honesty in the city of Chicago. We use the word "unexpected" advisedly, for many of the above-named workers had ceased to expect to receive much help from any officer presented through the machinery of the national parties and elected by a partisan cry. This is the reason why, at the last spring election, John M. Harlan, an independent candidate, was so earnestly championed by the honest people of Chicago, and made such an astonishing run. His candidacy undoubtedly compelled both the leading parties to seek for the best men available, in order to defeat

him, if possible, on his own grounds. The Democratic manipulators, probably confident that they could manage any man once he was in, picked upon Carter H. Harrison, a young man whose strongest recommendation to such undoubtedly lay in his name.

His was a name to conjure by, for it was the name of the great World's Fair mayor, whose tragic death left such an impression upon the city. This name, reasoned they, has in it conquering power, for the hosts who rallied around the standard of the father will undoubtedly rally again around that of the son. Thus the young man was elected. Then lo! the partisans, ward heelers and the Democratic bummers of all descriptions began to realize that they had elected something more than a name; that they had builded wiser than they knew; that Carter H. Harrison had a mind of his own and a will to execute. The Republican shouters grudgingly began to admit that some good might come out of the Democratic Nazareth, and the Independents took new courage in the hope that they had succeeded even in their defeat. From the first, this man, practically untried in politics, with no experience as a public official to guide him, has displayed a single-mindedness and a courage that is most promising. He was fearless in his denunciation of and opposition to the Humphreys-Allen disgraces and corruptions at Springfield last winter. While, as it seems to many, he has made serious mistakes, and perhaps made some dangerous concessions along the line of civil service reform, he has from the start given to the principle itself an endorsement and aggressive execution which has carried with it the evidence of sincerity, honesty, and ability. His recent triumph over the corrupt element in the Common Council by vetoing the general electric railway bill and compelling the Council to sustain his veto, has reassured those who are beginning to believe that Chicago has a Man for a Mayor. And furthermore, he has led such to see what might be expected and what can be done, even in a great city like Chicago, when there is a Man for Mayor. Mr. Harrison has thus far disappointed most encouragingly, many of the friends who placed him in office and equally disappointed the good men who tried to defeat him. He had not been in the City Hall a week before corporation and contractor rings had learned that he was a man not to be wheedled into the intricate complications that have come to be looked upon almost as part and parcel of a mayoralty administration.

Mr. Harrison is a native of Chicago, was born April 23, 1860. When thirteen years of age he was taken to Germany and spent three years in Altenberg. In 1876 he entered St. Ignatius College in Chicago and graduated in 1881. From thence he went to Yale and graduated in the law department in 1883; practiced law on real estate lines until 1891, when his famous father became the owner of the Chicago *Times*, and for three years Carter Harrison, Jr., became practically the head of that paper. Then, dropping this responsibility, Mr. Harrison traveled extensively, belted the globe, we believe, and came back to resume his real estate business. Up to last spring he had steadily refused all political honors. He might have gone to Congress, but declined. His first candidacy made him mayor of Chicago, and thus a measureless opportunity is offered to him. He who can successfully cope with the evil forces of a great city and give to it an honorable administration has abilities worthy the highest positions of trust. As a young man who has done better than was expected of him, as a young man who has a prophetic opportunity to serve the cause of humanity by purifying the state to which he belongs, we bid the mayor of Chicago persist on the high lines he has set out for himself, and stand ready to rejoice over all evidences that the future may bring that Chicago has indeed a Man for Mayor.

England's Responsibility in India.

The Cosmopolitan for July introduces a series of articles which cannot fail of making a profound impression. Julian Hawthorne has been on a special "commission" in the interest of this monthly, investigating the plague-smitten communities of India. The letter text, still more the faithful reproductions of the camera, tell a most impressive and pathetic tale. The horrors of the plague are bad enough, but the greater horrors of the social situation are worse. The magazine has for a frontispiece an illustration which shows on the right the magnificent marble statue with Gothic canopy of "Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India," recently erected in commemoration of her jubilee at Bombay. This beautiful monument is flanked by horrible life-photographs of those which are called "Her Gracious Majesty's subjects"—poor human creatures, through whose skin appear their grinning skeletons; ghastly starvelings, victims of the famine that counts its millions. This frontispiece is further illuminated in the text that says that "probably one hundred million of dollars were expended directly or indirectly upon the queen's jubilee ceremonies." At this distance it is unsafe to fix responsibilities, but will not history hold the England that has ventured to assume control of this vast territory, and dares profit by its conquests, responsible for the social condition and the economic situation that makes the horrors of the famine and the plague possible? The cause is not far to seek. It is expressed by the one word "caste," the fell mother of evil and mischief everywhere. There can be no remedy, not even much amelioration until these iron boundaries are

broken down. We remember that they are guarded by the sanctities of religion which command our respect even when they sink into superstition.

But is it not the duty of England, on purely economic and social grounds, to ignore, and, when needs be, defy, this hurting blight? The prejudices of caste should be assailed, and its evils, so far as possible, corrected, though it may be necessary to call upon the fire department to flush out the filthy warrens where human beings hide, are born, and die, or again summon the militia to quell the mobs which may gather around the necessary violation of caste prejudices. Britain's right to India must be established by its power to correct these horrible abuses. On the other hand, these articles of Mr. Hawthorne ought to go a good ways towards correcting a certain Neo-Brahminic infatuation in Europe and America which is taking possession of a few men and many women in these days. The enthusiasm over Mahatmas, adepts, pundits, problems of incarnations, astral corporosities, and other attenuated spiritualities, may well stop and take account of stock, — study the outcome of these metaphysical refinements at home. A little of the "crass materialism" of the West, the "gross civilization" of Europe, and the plain prose of applied Christianity, may do something for these starvelings, which thus far the native metaphysics of their pundits seems to have failed. Let the spirits of the citizens of India and of America stay at home a while, build the bodies which they occupy into nobler form, and provide more adequately for their nourishment. India is now horror-land, and will remain so until its people will lose some of their "proud characteristics," and become a more homogeneous part of the big world to which they belong. India needs a great baptism of common sense, mighty cargoes of soap, shiploads of garden seeds, great companies of missionaries who will teach them the mysteries of planting, budding, grafting; missionaries who believe in strawberries, gooseberries, apples, sweet and sour, peaches, chickens, onions, potatoes, veal, beef, mutton, the holy products of the sacred animals that are to find their reincarnations in men and women that are strong enough to work, that will be ashamed of filth and beggary. India needs house-builders, railroad-makers, corn-planters, reapers, buggies, steel plows, axes, rolling-pins, stoves, lucifer matches, graham bread, and bicycles. India needs another Zoroaster to declare the gospel of work, another Buddha to protest against this heaven hunger, and to create an earth appetite, and this appetite is possible only to those who have a commanding interest in humanity as it is, and this world as we find it. There is no doctrine so practical as that of the universal brotherhood, and there is no spirituality so spiritual as that which accepts for purposes of conquest enjoyment and use this world with its things and its bodies, its senses and its appetites.

Temperance: Fundamental Propositions.

The great temperance reformation of 1820 stood on these two accepted facts: 1. No man can safely drink intoxicants even in a moderate degree. Moderation is impossible when you strike matches in a hay-mow. The laws of nature are against you. 2. Even if you are that rare exception that can drink stimulants temperately, your neighbor you have no right to tempt by habits that are innocent to yourself. These two principles were recognized as great universal laws. Nothing has occurred since that date to show us that they were not wisely accepted, and the sociological development of America placed upon them as a basis. We owe as much to the reformation in drinking habits between 1820 and 1830 as we do to the political revolution between 1800 and 1810. Or to the revolutionary age between 1766 and 1776. Put the two principles, which we have stated, together, and they make the Golden Rule of modern life. Or we may say it is the reading of the Golden Rule into modern conditions.

It is not probable that in a normal condition of the nerves many people would resort to stimulants. The two facts go together that a person who uses intoxicants is diseased, and is endeavoring to cure himself by that which produces disease. Physiology has proclaimed that the craving for strong liquors indicates an abnormal state of the brain and the nervous system; and that the longer the indulgence is encouraged, the greater the departure from a natural state of the human organism. The indulgence finally becomes a desire, and the desire a distinct craving, and then a masterful passion. But we have not yet got at the whole of the evil. For it is really a degenerate condition, caused by other vices, which leads the way to the first craving for stimulation. An abuse of the sexual nature precedes a passion for recreation by methods that do not recreate, but simply whip up the tired system to further indulgence. Intemperance is a large word that covers waste of all sorts. Temperance is a word equally great and not well understood in its ordinary use It means a calm, equible use of ourselves in all the ways of living. The dipsomaniac may be allowed to be an exception. He seems to be the product of an hereditary diseased indulgence. The dipsomaniac has a never-ending thirst. He will swallow anything, provided it is capable of producing a sense of intoxication. His life is spent in seeking methods of indulging the wish to satisfy thirst.

I said to a friend, "I cannot understand your careless, offhand way of dealing with this question. You act as if you were unlike other human beings. That is, as if you were immune from the common laws that govern the rest of us." He answered, "That is about the truth of it. Each one of us who indulges in intoxicants believes that he is an exception; that although the bulk of drinkers will go on

to ruin, he will not. Logically, I suppose that I know I am in danger. But practically, I have neither conviction nor sentiment in the case. Nor do I believe it possible for you to awaken such sentiments. I can comprehend that each indulgence acts directly to create a desire; that each ounce of alcohol acts on the nervous system, not only with a given dynamic force, but with a given moral effect. But when one has an established habit, knowledge will rarely meddle with it." So far as my experience goes, the habit of drinking is in America largely confused, also, with the theory of individual liberty. Most tipplers insist on their individual rights to do that which reformers are endeavoring to prevent. Added to this, the most important influence to encourage the use of intoxicants is the reckless habit of physicians. When acting as a pastor of a church, I found that at least one half of the victims of a craving for liquor had formed their first initial desire from physicians' prescriptions. Summing up the subject, we have to look at three points. (1) That the use of intoxicants is conjoined with other vices. (2) That it is a result of a false conception of individual right. And (3) that it comes from the use of alcohol medicinally. E. P. P.

There is a certain keenness and vigor of discipline that can come to a man only as he lives out in the midst of things and becomes himself a part of the world and of the events with which the world is so solidly packed. A sense of opportunity, a feeling of being a part, even a minute part, of the machinery by which the threads of current event are being woven in, works upon us with the power of a fine discipline and a strong inspiration. The solidity of the burden that is carried helps to solidify the man who carries it. Problems tumble easily apart in the field that refuse to give up their secret in the study or even in the closet. Reality is what educates us, and reality never comes so close to us with all its powers of discipline as when we encounter it in action. In books we find truth in black and white, but in the on-rush of event we see truth at work; and it is only when truth is busy, and when we are ourselves personally mixed up in its activities, that we learn to know of how much we are capable, or win the power by which those capabilities can be made over into effect. Let no young man of spirit and purpose be dismayed by his inability to attend either college or university. Life is itself the oldest and best endowed university in the world, and will guarantee to its pupils all in the way of vigor, keenness, and grasp that they have in them the grace and persistency to acquire.—*C. H. Parkhurst, D.D., in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Let us cheerfully take the common human risks of error, and the best, clearest truth we can get, and by acting on the light we have, prepare ourselves for ever more and more.—*William Salter.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Dragon-Fly.

The meadows glow beneath each high sunbeam,
  Deep blue the sky, and heavenly bright the air;
In happy languor flows a gentle stream,
  Where reeds in myriads grow, and lilies fair
Repose in gleaming beauty. 'Mid the flowers
  A dragon-fly, with wings of thinnest gauze
Sounding like fairy harps through moonlight bowers,
  Floats humming lazily, and turns to pause
A snow-white bud to kiss. A haughty brake
  Bends low at his imperial command.
Hard by the peasants scanty leisure take
  From toil. The winds on some far distant strand
To shipwrecked bodies sandy burial give.
  This tinted dragon-fly; Why doth he live?

MARY MORRISON.

The Hebrews in Egypt.

Oriental excavations in recent years have revealed riches incalculable. We are growing familiar with the history, literature, and social life of times of which the world knew but little. We have revised the stories of ancient peoples by the records of their contemporaries. We have supplemented our knowledge of all the past. By resurrected official records are traced the victories and defeats of armies, the march of conquest and commerce, and the comparative prosperity and greatness of allied and hostile powers.

What light has been thrown upon the story of the Israelites in the land of the Pharaohs? What have Egyptian monuments and tombs unfolded of the career of their marvelous hero? Have they fixed the boundaries of the Bondage or the period of the Exodus? Surely there is no one subject for light upon which men have been more anxiously waiting. Before recent developments, the character of the ancient people of Egypt, as understood by the masses of the nations nominally Christian, was almost entirely drawn from the sacred Hebrew literature. How shall we measure them to-day? Is there any point of contact between their own literature and the story of the Sacred Book?

There are no more interesting questions at the present time. There is no subject upon which students more ardently desire information. Every find in the East awakens interest anew. So familiar from childhood has been the cruel picture of the Bondage and the perils of the Exodus that one hardly understands how so many years of labor could throw so much light upon all else in Egyptian history and give absolutely no trace of the Hebrews in the land. So far all discoveries have only deepened the mystery. It is not known when the departure from Egypt was. It is not known in whose reign it took place. There has no line of tablet, monument, temple, sarcophagus, or other inscription, yet been found in Egypt that gives any confirmation of the biblical story, or goes to show that the Hebrews were ever in Egypt at all.

True, Flinders Petrie found a tablet of black syenite in February, 1896, in the funeral temple of Merneptah at Thebes, recording the monarch's victory over the allied forces of his enemies, a part of whose inscription reads: "The people of Ysiraal is spoiled; it hath no seed; Syria is widowed." But this battle occurred in Syria in the vicinity of Gali-

lee. Before this discovery it was agreed by most scholars that under this Pharaoh was the departure from Egypt. But now, in the fifth year of his rule, Israel is found fighting among the hostile forces in Palestine. The great triumph of Merneptah indicates no weakening of his power by the departure of the Hebrews. Under his rule the nation regained strength lost in his ancestor's declining years.

Was the exodus before the reign of Merneptah, then? Mr. Petrie still holds that it was not before him, and could not have been after him, but he is driven to the conclusion that a portion of the Israelites must have been already established in Palestine during the bondage. This view would surely leave a large unfilled gap in the history of that portion of them. Major Conder carries the exodus back some two centuries, while some German scholars say there is no reason to believe the Israelites were ever in bondage in Egypt at all. Meanwhile the world waits anxiously the progress of exploration for some evidence bearing upon the question which shall separate the mythical from the actual in the story of the Hebrews and the career of Moses.

L. D. BURDICK.

COMMENT ON THE ABOVE BY THE EDITOR.

The above article bristles with suggestions and implications tempting to the general reader, suggestive to the thoughtful, but suggestions and implications the value of which even the "intelligent" mind is entirely unprepared to judge. They touch on points which the specialist alone can judge. Through the kindness of our friend, Prof. James Henry Breasted, the Egyptologist of the University of Chicago, we are permitted to reprint from an article from his pen in the *Biblical World* on the "Israel Tablet" the full text of the hymn of victory of the King Merneptah referred to above. It is inscribed on a syenite stela, ten feet three inches high, five feet four inches wide, and thirteen inches thick, discovered by Mr. Petrie as indicated above. The twelve lines as translated by Professor Breasted run as follows:

1. "The kings are overthrown, saying 'Salâm';
2. "Not one is holding up his head among the nine bows;
3. "Undone is Tehenu;
4. "Kheta is pacified;
5. "Plundered is Pa-Kanana with every evil;
6. "Carried away is Ashkelon;
7. "Seized upon is Gezer;
8. "Yenuam is made as one that is not;
9. "Israel is desolated; his grain is not;
10. "Palestine has become as widows for Egypt.
11. "All lands,—together they are in peace,
12. "Everyone who rebels is subdued by the King Merneptah."

It will be noticed that the only contact with biblical fields is found in lines nine and ten:

"Israel is desolated; his grain is not;
Palestine has become as widows for Egypt.

PART OF THE ANTIQUITIES SENT BY MR. PETRIE FROM HIS DISCOVERIES AT THEBES IN THE WINTER OF 1895-6, AND NOW IN HASKELL MUSEUM.

Our readers will be interested to know on how slender a foundation does our contributor build his fabric of inferences. Still more daring, according to Professor Breasted, are the flights of imagination indulged in, even by so scholarly a man as Professor Sayce, when he proceeds to amplify the two lines as follows:

" . . . the Egyptian scribe draws a discreet veil of silence over the flight of Israel and the loss of the pursuing host in the waters of the sea, and describes only the effect of the measures that had been taken to destroy the 'seed of Israel."

Or, again,

"The expression used of the Israelites on the newly found stela is nothing less than a summary of the biblical account."

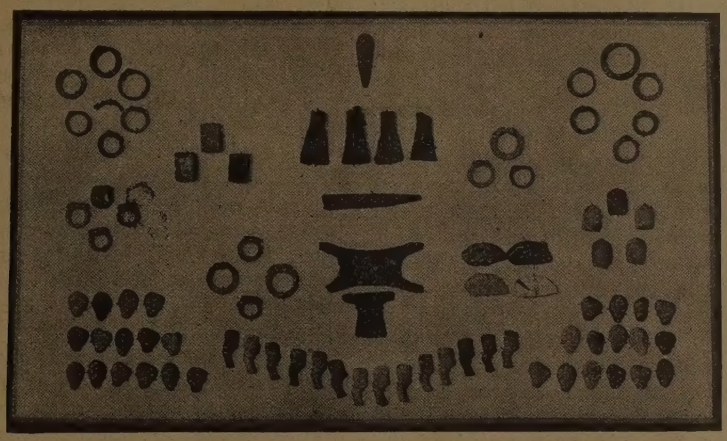
In addition to his wide, not to say wild inferences, the author presumes in this paragraph to interpret "his grain is not" as an illusion to the killing of the male children, recorded in Exodus, whereas the more obvious and apparently evident purport as pointed out by Professor Breasted in this tablet is simply the recording of the fact that

Israel had suffered defeat and been spoiled of her provisions and produce. It is perfectly clear that the author of the text thinks of Israel as in Syria among the Syrian peoples and places mentioned with her.

There is a very unscholarly and pathetic anxiety on the part of certain unwise friends of the Bible to seize upon every possible allusion to Bible men or incident found on stone, brick tablet, or papyrus as a refutation of the conclusions of what is called the "Higher Criticism," and the vindication of what they call the "truth of the sacred record." Is there an allusion found on Nineveh tablet to any of the wars or warriors alluded to in the Old Testament, immediately we are told by some one that the Mosaic account of creation is strengthened and the validity of the Bible text established, whereas the very opposite truth is established, viz., that the Hebrew records fit into, more or less clearly, the contemporary records of their time. That their story is dovetailed into the story of their neighbors, and that the fate of their records has been very much the fate of the records of surrounding nations. They have been mangled, marred, lost. They are colored by the influences of time and place and personality. This boasting on the tablet of Merneptah, discovered by Professor Petrie, has in it unquestionably an element of boasting, which it may be subsequent researches on the part of impartial scholars may be able to correct by the records of other people or other magnates.

We have gone out of our way to say all this in order that we might say with emphasis a word of appreciation, not only of the work of these students of the past in general, but particularly of the work that is done near at hand in the support of and in connection with these explorers. THE NEW UNITY owes a commendatory word to the organizers and patrons of the "Chicago Society of Egyptian Research," who seek to divert a little of the money which is so often misspent in Chicago in these scholarly directions. This society has Charles Hutchinson for president, Mrs. Mary H. Wilmarth and Mrs. Hart Rawson for vice-presidents, and Professor Breasted as secretary. They seek to raise funds to assist in the work of excavation, to bring to Chicago a just share of the antiquities thus discovered, and to inform its members concerning the ancient civilization with which these discoverers are concerned. Through the kindness of Professor Breasted, we are permitted to present our readers with two illustrations, which show the nature of the material from which the experts, with much painstaking labor, are slowly reconstructing for us some fragments of the past.

We are glad to reprint from the circular of the society the following appeal, and we hope we print it not wholly in vain. THE NEW UNITY presents many claims to its readers. It has causes of its own which it often presses, but the cause of scholarship is involved in all the other causes, and any reform or missionary work that is pushed at the cost or the neglect of this cause of the scholar is sure to find itself among those who, in their eagerness and haste, kill the goose that lays the golden egg. A sum of five dollars a year makes one an annual member of this Chicago society, and, in addition to the consciousness of having helped a good cause, brings to the member an annual illustrated volume of the work done and doing. Says the circular:



BRONZE TOOLS AND GLAZES FROM THE FOUNDATION DEPOSIT OF KING SIPTAH (13th CENTURY B. C.) NOW IN HASKELL MUSEUM.

The remains of that ancient civilization from which we have inherited so much are fast perishing; all portable antiquities above ground are being carried away and sold by the natives; buried cities and cemeteries are being upturned and looted with barbarous recklessness, without any scientific record of the objects found, and while the great museums of Europe are being filled with treasures thus acquired, the land will in a few years be exhausted, and America will have lost the opportunity of securing a proper share in the surviving remnants of its antique civilization. A subscription of $250 sent to Petrie's "Research Account" and used at Thebes brought to us from there the important collection only partially shown in the accompanying cuts. We have, therefore, very tangible evidence of the good use made of all subscriptions. We urge all who are interested in this earliest chapter of man's history, or its vital connection with biblical studies, to send in their subscriptions at once.

All subscriptions and communications concerning this work should be addressed to Prof. James H. Breasted, University of Chicago, Chicago.

J. Ll. J.

And who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,
Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer as here translated:
I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,
Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,
Upward to Heaven, whence vaguely form'd, altogether chang'd and yet the same,
I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the globe,
And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent, unborn;
And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my own origin, and make pure and beautify it.

Walt Whitman.

Common Sense in Religion.

What the phrase "common sense" generally means is that sort of wisdom that recognizes present conditions as they are and depends upon actual experience rather than speculative theory in choosing methods for accomplishing any result. It is "common sense" that is most trusted in the business world, in all the professions, and in domestic affairs. A teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, a farmer, a mechanic, a clerk, a merchant, a politician, that "has no common sense" is the man who is always following after untried notions and getting into trouble. There are, however, three kinds of people to whom common sense is sometimes supposed to be a hindrance rather than a help. The poet is one, the inventor is another, and the religious seer is a third. People who don't know any better still suppose that men write great poems, discover the secrets of nature, and become great religious guides by inspiration alone, without preparation, laborious study, and hard toil. It is no doubt a fact that genius sometimes chooses very uncommon paths to success and achieves results by untried methods; but even with genius "common sense" is an indispensable factor if lasting success is to be achieved.

Just now, however, we are not concerned with the poetic or inventive genius. It is in religion that the lack of common sense works its widest injury. Men get an idea that religion is something so distinct from everything else in the world that we must abandon our usual processes of development and cut loose from all ordinary tests of wisdom. It is here that men and women get delirious notions or vague fancies and immediately assume that they are "inspirations from on high," or "the call of God," when in any other department of life they would never think of proceeding a single step without testing their notions and fancies by the light of experience and reason. For instance, how many prophets have arisen proclaiming the end of the world on a certain day, because they had had a dream or a fancy, and, trusting to what they called the "inner lght," began solemnly to warn the world of its approaching doom. We have all heard, too, of preachers who made no preparation for their sermons, trusting that the Lord would fill their mouths with wisdom and their brains with thoughts as soon as they stood up before their congregation. Then there are the people who take the words "the Lord will provide" so literally that they will do nothing to earn a living, though the Bible tells us that Peter kept up his fishing after he became a disciple, and Paul kept on with his tent-making after he became an apostle. The reports have come from Russia lately of a sect of religionists who bury themselves alive as a means of attaining heaven, several of the sect having been arrested lately for assisting in these ceremonies, one of them, a man, having buried his wife and children at their own solicitation. Horrible as this seems, it is but a logical conclusion to the long-prevailing idea of the ascetics, that gashes and bruises and burns would cleanse the soul of sin and win heaven.

Now the truth of the matter is that frenzy and delirium and uncontrolled ecstasy are usually evidences of disease, not of religion. If they are evidences of religion, then some of the most ignorant and least trustworthy negroes of the South are the most religious part of our country's population, for with them trances lasting for hours are a common thing every year. Hysteria is no less hysteria when brought about by a highly wrought picture of the souls in hells than when brought about by the sight of a runaway horse or a mad dog. And it is a matter worthy of consideration that, so far as we know, the greatest and first of all revivals, that of Pentecost, was brought about without any of the highly garnished descriptions of the souls in torment which used to be and still are by some held to be essential to revival work.

Common sense in religion teaches us that religious character is to be developed as everything else in this world is developed, by a gradual growth, which comes as the result of activity and work. The painter has to practice and observe and study all his life long to develop his talent. The life of a great musician is a life of almost unceasing toil to keep his talent at its best. As Lowell says:

> "Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
> But we build the ladder by which we rise,
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
> And we mount to its summit round by round."

The trouble with a great many doubters is, that they apply to religion a test of reality very different from that which they apply to science and art and business life. They don't expect to grasp scientific truth by simply asking for it. They know that cultivation of the artistic faculties must come by slow degrees. But they seem often to expect that the whole of religious truth is going to flash upon them just as soon as they become converted, and that because it does not, because there remain mysteries and temptations and dark experiences, they were mistaken in supposing that there is anything real about religion.

The ecstasies of the religious life, the moments of rapt spiritual exaltation, are few and far between. To many they never come; even to those to whom they come they are but incidents of the life, glorious though they may be. But the common-sense part of religion, the plodding, the growing, the struggling, the waiting, the step-by-step development of strength and will and insight, — this is, after all, the most important part of religion, because, by it, rather than by the ecstasies, comes the formation of enduring character. At least it must be so with most of us. It is here that the testing comes; it is for this that the reward will come; it is by this that strength must come. "Walking with God" does not mean riding in a chariot of fire with Him, or carried in His bosom, or flying with the cherubim. It means a step-by-step process that involves exertion on our part, and, through some stumbling, and fear, and weariness, and discouragement, developing at last the thews and sinews of maturity. That is what religion must mean to most of us.—*The Voice.*

It is easy and rather good form to depreciate the tough indoctrination that used to be administered on Sunday to the olden congregations of New England, but a good deal of New England sturdiness of thought was built out of exactly that tough indoctrination; and to-day there would be less mushiness in what laymen think six days in the week if there were more sinew in what we preachers teach them the other one day.—*C. H. Parkhurst, D.D., in Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

"The Social Value of the Saloon."

E. C. Moore, in the July number of the *American Journal of Sociology*, published by Chicago University, presents under the above title an astounding article on the saloon as seen and felt in the nineteenth ward (Hull House ward) of Chicago. Mr. Moore professes to use the laboratory method of investigation, and presents six photographic interiors in evidence of having studied the saloon from the inside rather than the outside.

"It is assumed, in beginning the investigation," says the writer, "that an institution which society has so generally created for itself must meet a definite social demand; and that the demand was not synonymous with a desire on the part of society to commit suicide by means of alcoholic poison was taken for granted."

Mr. Moore finds that "primarily the saloon is a social center." It is the workingman's club—"in winter warm, in summer cool, at night brightly lighted, and always clean. There are chairs, tables, papers, cards, lunch; often pool and billiards, and sometimes a gymnasium. What more does the workingman want for his club?"

Then the writer defends the need of a club for the workingman. Neither his family life nor the churches (there are four, he says, in a population of 48,000 in the nineteenth ward) nor existing clubs (with their machinery, expenses, and exactions) serve his purpose so well as the saloon. The trades unions come nearer to answering their need, but at present a very small percentage of workingmen belong to trades unions. "Yet the reformer's greatest hope lies along this line, while his energies are largely given to more futile forms of service."

"The saloon-keeper," says Mr. Moore, "is the only man who keeps open house in the ward." . . . There is an accretion of intelligence that comes to him in his business. He hears the best stories. He is the first to get accurate information as to the latest political deals and social mysteries. . . . My workingman is not too democratic to respect the ready intelligence, the power, and the better dress of the leader in his social center. They draw him to the saloon, and once there they continue to hold him. In addition, the saloon-keeper trusts him for drinks—a debt of honor—yea, more: he lends him money if in greater need. But the saloon-keeper is only one element in this analysis of attraction. "The saloon is the center of society, of learning, books, papers; the clearing-house of the common intelligence of its frequenters; the place where their philosophy of life is worked out, and from which their political and social beliefs take their beginning. . . . Verily, the apostle of the new education may welcome this as an illustration of education not divorced from social life by bonds of convention."

Continues the writer: The saloon "stands not for social opportunity only. It affords also the conditions of sociability." By this he means alcoholic stimulation, and quotes Dr. Kerr as saying: "The first action of ethylic alcohol is vascular relaxation, commonly called exhilaration or stimulation, when a glow of warmth spreads over the whole system, when the heart beats faster, when happy thoughts crowd in upon the brain; when all seems life and light and joy; when everything without and within wears a roseate hue."

"Is it not a social ideal?" asked Mr. Moore; "a condition in which each one would appear before his fellow? Only there are different ways of reaching it."

And further contends this admirer of the saloon: "Moreover this stimulus not only supplies immediate social need. . . . Psychologists tell us the value of the stimulant is — to free the individual from the consciousness of the limitation which prevents the realization of his ideal and to preserve his ideal for him and for society. It is here that the saloon gets its ultimate social value."

"There is another primal need which the saloon supplies and supplies well," says Mr. Moore, who then sounds the praises of the free-lunch counter. And as to the physiological effects of the use of alcohol, he contends that recent experiments in the Yale laboratory "would seem to indicate that when the quantity of alcohol is not in excess of two per cent of the digestive fluid, digestive activity is aided by its presence." He quotes Dr. Keeley (is it he of the gold cure?) as defending moderate drinking for the laboring man, because "it has an inhibitory action upon cell metabolism" or waste of tissue consequent upon muscular exertion.

"Such it is believed is the social value of the saloon," concludes the essayist. "That its wares are poison is nowhere lost sight of, but that the poison appears in their abuse and not in their use is our contention." Concerning the evils of the saloon, he says in a sentence that "they are many and grave and cry out to society for proper consideration," but he carefully refrains from indicating them. He concludes that "the presence of the saloon in an unorganized society is proof conclusive that society can wisely organize the need which it supplies;" and Mr. Moore draws his article to a close by a protest against "the predominance of one-sided statements" made by those who seek to abolish the saloon.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Moore's article will attain a circulation far exceeding that of the journal in which it first appears. The National Saloon Men's League will hardly let its perusal be confined to the select subscription list of the *American Journal of Sociology*, though it may win for that publication a place upon the saloon table, beside the *Police Gazette*. The article will fill a long-felt want; it is the kind of thing they have panted to get hold of to bestow upon their patrons, and upon legislators and officers whose duty it is to "regulate" their business. Not only the writer, but the editors of this journal, who gave it the leading place in the magazine, will stand hand in hand with the saloon power which has never before won such an ally to bulwark its claims upon society. (Has a zeal for sociology the power to blur moral distinctions and responsibilities in even such men as these?)

The saloon-keeper would like also, it is to be supposed, to stimulate the admiration and gratitude of an unfeeling public for the free lunches (did Mr. Moore say they were served also to the patrons' families?) and for the prodigious intellectual and moral education which is, of course, the natural result of a privileged association with a real saloon-keeper! No doubt it is true that he is "the first

to get accurate information as to the latest political deals and social mysteries" (witness a recent advertisement in a Chicago paper of "a corner saloon, a nice stand for an alderman to buy!") and as to "social mysteries," there must be a great many behind those artfully arranged screens.

And then how one's manhood is appealed to by that "debt of honor" for drinks! It must be paid before the family grocer's bill—which is only a matter of cold business with no tender sentiment about it.

And that "clearing-house of common intelligence"—what an item to the habitué of the saloon! How necessary after the third drink or so, when a pooling of the common intelligence is so often demanded, for two boon companions to find their way home!

But Mr. Moore is in error if he supposes there are but few who appreciate the saloon as a "place where their philosophy of life is worked out, and from which their political and social beliefs take beginning." As to the "philosophy of life," I dare say that nineteen men out of twenty who have come to the conclusion, for instance, that "the world owes them a living" have been powerfully assisted to this conclusion by the saloon. And as to political and social beliefs, who can forget that the Haymarket assassinations and the Cronin murder were conceived in a saloon; that the "caucus before the caucus" is ordinarily held there; that that alderman who buys that corner saloon counts on establishing therein a school of moral, social, and political benighment?

But above all things, how blind has the public mind been to its debt towards the saloon for the preservation of the human ideal to its patron, and through him to society! What would have been George Washington and Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln and Emerson and Lowell and Clara Barton and Frances Willard, all the leaders of our nation's thought and action, without the beneficent contribution of ethylic alcohol and the saloon and its association to their ideals and purposes in life? And for the rest of us, it is painful to contemplate how low we must have sunk but for the angelic messages, the flashes of radiance emitted upon the world when these sacred portals (at front or rear) have for a moment opened to admit some seeker after the true, the beautiful, and the good.

And is it to be questioned that a man enjoying all the benefits enumerated by Mr. Moore will fail to be careful of his alcoholic 2 per cent? Perish the thought! *What is the higher education of the saloon for?* Who ever goes there except to improve his gastric digestion? Having performed this office for "his stomach's sake," who was ever known to fail to promptly withdraw for his head's sake? Of course the drink-*habit*, the saloon system of treating, the notoriously poisonous ingredients which go into the average saloon drink, the political and criminal intrigues that originate in saloon society; the testimony of prison and insane-asylum experts as to the agency of alcoholic drinking in the producing of crime and insanity, directly or indirectly, —and a dozen other things that are among the gravest problems of sociology, can be slurred over without mention by this special pleader for the saloon,—whose article, if read by an uninstructed inhabitant of Mars, would lead him to imagine the saloon as one of the Earth's most beneficent institutions,—perhaps an adjunct to the far-famed Hull House of the same ward!

That Mr. Moore *is* a special pleader for the saloon, and that his article is unworthy of confidence, is amply proved by his disingenuous use of the Yale laboratory experiments, conducted by Dr. Chittenden, professor of Chemistry, for a complete report of which, by Dr. Chittenden, the reader is referred to the January, February, March and April numbers of *The American Journal of the Medical Sciences.* Mr. Moore says these reports "would seem to indicate that when the quantity of alcohol used is not in excess of two per cent. of the digestive fluid, digestive activity is aided by its presence;" and out of the whole summary of four pages he quotes the one sentence to his purpose, and does not quote it correctly, either. His quotation stands: "Whisky can be considered to impede the solvent action of the gastric juices only when taken immoderately and in intoxicating quantities." To have quoted the article correctly, he must have said that "*in the healthy individual pure* whisky can be considered to impede the gastric digestion of proteid foods only."

"But," states the Yale article, "The weaker the gastric juice, the greater the inhibitory action of a given amount of alcohol. And on the proteolytic action *of the pancreatic juice* absolute alcohol exercises a more marked influence, the presence of even two or three per cent. being sufficient to produce a distinct retardation of digestive action. On pancreatic digestion whisky is quite active. Further, the retarding action of a given per cent. of whisky is greater than a corresponding percentage of pure alcohol, thus indicating the presence of an additional inhibitory substance, which is apparently a part of the solid matter of the whisky, and is undoubtedly connected with the acidity of the fluid."

"Finally," says Dr. Chittenden, "it is to be plainly understood that these conclusions apply solely to the influence of the various liquors upon the purely chemical processes of digestion. The results recorded do not afford data for drawing any broad or general conclusions regarding the influence of alcoholic drinks upon digestion or alimentation, since they throw no light upon the possible modifications of secretion, absorption, or peristalsis. . . . Before we can answer the question, How do alcoholic fluids effect digestion? we must ascertain the influence of these fluids upon the secretion of the digestive juices and upon the absorption of the products of digestion, as well as upon peristalsis, and not until these points have been thoroughly studied shall we be able to fully understand the action of these beverages upon the whole process of digestion."

Mr. Moore's perversion of the Yale reports is surely sufficient to condemn his method and cast discredit upon all his conclusions.

And it is to be added, that, after all that is possible shall have been ascertained concerning the effects of alcoholic drinks upon processes of digestion,—this is the least of the matter. The effect upon the brain and the arteries, the home, and the state, is *the* question. The W. C. T. U. was not called into being merely or mainly to win a man from impairing his digestion, gastric or pancreatic, by whisky.

After this apotheosis of the saloon of the Nineteenth ward of Chicago by E. C. Moore (who is E. C. Moore?) it would be of interest to hear something on the subject from Miss Jane Addams.

C. J. B. C.

The Study Table.

Robert Browning in Rochester.

[The following characteristic programme carries with it the evidence of the careful hand of William C. Gannett, who stands alone as a maker of programmes so full in detail, suggestions, questions and comprehensive reference. Last year the Emerson class, in connection with Mr. Gannett's work, studied the shorter poems of Robert Browning, and we printed their programme. This year the following shows what fertile fields lie waiting them among some of the longer poems.—EDITOR.]

ROBERT BROWNING.

"Let voice ring,
'In we row, bringing more Euripides!'"

IN A BALCONY
BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE
PARACELSUS
THE RING AND THE BOOK
VI. GUISEPPI CAPONSACCHI
VII. POMPILIA
X. THE POPE

BROWNING GUIDES, ETC.—The best compact equipment for Browning students now is Macmillan's two-volume "Globe edition" of the poems complete ($3.50), and Berdoe's "Browning Cyclopædia" ($2.63). For other good editions, guides, helpful comment in book and essay, and lives of Browning, see our last year's programme.

IN A BALCONY (written 1853).—The "condensed tragedy" of one summer evening hour. Short papers on the poem will be found in the "Poet Lore" magazine, Vol. II, No. 6, and in the "London Browning Society Papers," Part V, pp. 499 and 130*; but best is the chapter in Miss Burt's "Browning's Women." For accounts of the play as acted, see "B. S. Papers," Part VII, p. 5*. For conversation-topics, see Mrs. McMahan's "Study Class," pp. 128–130,—a book that helps much in preparing programmes such as this. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

For Papers and Conversation:

1. Who is the heroine?
2. Which of the two women loved most truly?
3. The problem of Constance:
   - Her motive in the course she urged on Norbert?
   - Did she divine that the Queen loved Norbert?
   - When did her resolve of sacrifice begin?
   - Her intent in the scene beginning, "I am yours"?
   - Her motives for her course after the Queen surprises them?
   - What main secret of love had Constance yet to learn?
   - Is Constance shallow,—or insincere,—or noble? Why so fascinating, spite of all?
4. The pathos of a Queen! The tragedy of this Queen! Was this unworked as a dramatic theme till Browning used it? Browning's other poems of Queen's Love.
5. Was Norbert Norbert's noblest in loving Constance to the end?
6. The three characters as foils and contrasts for each other.
7. Three ways of giving all for love.
8. Can love that will deceive for love be perfect love? Tests of true love.
9. The lessons of the tragedy.
10. Is the poem "unfinished"? How would *you* finish it?
11. Would the play *act* well? Suggest, from the poem, the *scenery* for it?
12. Browning's power, and failure, as a dramatist. His own statement of dramatic purpose. Did he *wish* his plays acted? (See Lives of Browning and Gosse's "Personalia.")
13. Shall we read the play in class?

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE (1871).—"The glorified translation of a masterpiece of Greek tragedy." To appreciate Browning's feat, some other translation of Euripides' "Alkestis" should also be read,—Lawton's, Banks's, or Potter's (this last in a twelve-cent pamphlet published by Clark & Maynard, 771 Broadway, New York).

For introductions and notes to the poem, see Berdoe and Cooke. R. G. Moulton's plea, in "London Browning Society Papers," Part XIII, condensed in Berdoe, should be read entire; he thinks Browning has missed Euripides' plain meaning, and misconceived his chief character, Admetos. The same question is treated in "Poet Lore," Vols. II and VIII. For Balaustion as a type of woman, see Miss Burt's "Browning's Women"; but to know all of Balaustion's charm one must also read well into the other poem, her "*Last* Adventure." Holland's "Stories from Browning" may help there. Make sure to see a copy of Sir Frederick Leighton's lovely picture, referred to at our poem's close. (Probably for sale by Willis & Clements, Philadelphia.)

With this Alkestis story compare Wm. Morris's "Love of Alkestis" in his "Earthly Paradise," and Emma Lazarus's "Admetus"; also the "Iphigenia" of Euripides, and that of Goethe; Longfellow's "Golden Legend," and Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."

Concerning the Greek Drama and Euripides, read, for short, Jebb's "Greek Literature" Primer, or Mahaffy's, or Donne's, little "Euripides." For longer accounts, Moulton's "Ancient Classical Drama," Mahaffy's "Classical Greek Literature," or Symonds's "Greek Poets," and any books about Athens in the age of Pericles and Phidias and Socrates. See, also, the Encyclopædia Britannica articles on "Drama" and "Euripides." To trace home our poem's motto, and for a glimpse of the poet-wife's Greek studies, read Mrs. Browning's "Wine of Cyress."

For Papers and Conversation:

1. Euripides, (1) the "human," (2) the "innovator of the drama," (3) the "upsetter of faith"; explain the terms; that is, *place* and *time* Euripides.
2. Describe the "Alkestis" as acted at the Athens theater, 438 B. C.
3. What was Euripides's *meaning* in his play, his *subject?* Is Browning's version a beautiful perversion, as Moulton holds? Was Admetos a craven, or "as pre-eminently unselfish as Alkestis"?
4. What meaning has Browning added to it all by his "Balaustion" setting? The "ivy" or the "column"—which attracts you most?
5. Herakles, the splendid, laughing savior,—is he Browning's creature, or a Greek conception? Gladness "the sign and seal of Godship,"—*is* it?
6. Is Balaustion "a real American girl"? as Miss Burt says. "Balaustions are all around us."
7. "You, I, or any one might mold a new Admetos, new Alkestis."—Balaustion tried and did well; suppose that *we* try.
8. What great line and passages shall you love "Balaustion" for? What passages shall we read in class?
9. Robert and Elizabeth Barrett-Browning as students and translators of Greek poetry.

PARACELSUS (written 1835).—"Prince of charlatans and quacks,"—"the medical Ishmael,"—"the Luther of medicine,"—"the father of modern chemistry and medicine."

Cooke's "Browning Guide-Book" gives a good account of Paracelsus and his views, with a list of Browning's changes in his poem. Berdoe has a paper, "Paracelsus the Reformer of Medicine," in his Browning's Message." (Also "in London Browning Society Papers," Part XI; with which compare the discussion in Part V, 101*.) Mrs. Holy's pamphlet is a helpful "outline study" (Riverside Publishing Co., 706 Olive Street, St. Louis). Mrs. McMahan, in her "Study Class," suggests topics for conversation on each of the five parts of the poem. "Poet Lore" contains two articles, one (Vol. I) on "Paracelsus and The Data of Ethics;" the other (Vol. V), on "The Democracy of Aprile." Henry Jones makes large use of the poem in his "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher"; and Kingsland in his "Chief Poet of the Age." See, also, Encyclopædia Britannica articles on "Paracelsus,"

"Alchemy," "Medicine." For more detail, not altogether trustworthy, see Hartmann's "Life of Paracelsus."

Find Paracelsus's figure in Kaulbach's "Era of the Reformation" picture. At least two songs from the poem have been set to music,—"I go to prove my soul," and "Over the sea our galleys went." (Published by C. Jefferys, 67 Berners Street, London, W.)

For Papers and Conversation:

1. What is the main meaning of the poem? Its great passages,—lines to remember,—noble metaphors,—the songs in it? How was the poem received at the first, and what do the critics say now? What is the poem to *you?* What parts shall we read in class?
2. Festus, Michal, Aprile, Paracelsus, as characters.
3. What did Paracelus "aspire" to at first,—and later? What "attain" at first,—and at last?
4. "Knowledge" and "Love" as halves of a philosophy of life. Parallel thoughts from Emerson. Compare the poem with "Faust" and Ibsen's "Brand."
5. Intuitional philosophy,—macrocosm and microcosm,—the evolution theory,—inter-relation of the arts,—friendship,—democracy,—the *give* and *take* of service,—self-culture as self-limiting,—temptation,—the mission of great men,—future recognition,—the dissatisfaction of success,—success that lasts,—the value of conservatism,—the value of the radical,—immortality:—these topics as illustrated in the poem.
6. Browning at twenty-three: "Paracelsus," a young poet's forecast of life. "'Pauline' may be called the prelude to it,"—by what signs? What germs of Browning's later thought can we find in it?
7. Has Browning divined the real, or constructed a new, Paracelsus?
8. The Occultism of the Renaissance: Paracelsus as a Renaissance "theosophist" and "Christian scientist."
9. Browning and Tennyson as interpreters of the scientific spirit of our age. (See Berdoe's "Browning's Message," and Dowden's "Studies in Literature.")

THE RING AND THE BOOK (1868–69).—Almost with one mind the lovers of Browning call this their poet's masterpiece, his massive wonder-work; and of its twelve books, the three which we are to read, the best,—*Caponsacchi*, "the warrior-priest,"—*Pompilia*, "beautiful as evening twilight,"—the pure affection of these two "foreshadowing the highest love-tale Mr. Browning has given to the world,"—and the good old *Pope*, all human at the heart. Book I, also, we all must read as introduction to the whole; and, if possible, we should read, at home, Books II and III and XI.

Berdoe and Mrs. Orr give analyses of each of the twelve books. Cooke tells about "Molinos." Poet Lore" (Vol. I, Nos. 6 and 7) has a fine symposium on our three characters. John Morley, in his "Studies in Literature"; R. H. Hutton, in his "Literary Essays"; Robert Buchanan, in his "Master Spirits"; J. A. Symonds, in Macmillan's Magazine, Vol. XIX; London Browning Society Papers, Part V, p. 85*; Miss Burt's "Browning's Women," chapters VII and VIII; Holland's "Stories from Browning"; Mrs. McMahan's "Study Class," pp. 207–214, with its conversation topics—all will help.

For Papers and Conversation.—We must have at least one paper on each of the three characters,—and conversation as it wells up from the reading. Gather the great lines. What parts shall be read in class?

'Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart,—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.'

—*William Lloyd Garrison in the Liberator, 1831.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below.
MON.—One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each.
TUES.—God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.
WED.—You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.
THURS.—Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.
FRI.—Let us not question what life brings;
We will arise and go forth to greet it.
SAT.—I have known one word hang star-like,
Shining clearer day by day.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

The Flower Tot Found.

"What is it that keeps my gay little girl
So silent this long, long while?"
"O, I 'm tryin' to 'member God, mamma,"
Said Tot, with a happy smile.

"This morning I went to the little brook,
And what do you think comes next?
Why, I found some flowers as blue as blue,
That had for their name a text!

"The kind old gardener just passed by,
And I was picking the posies;
He said, 'Good mornin', little Miss Tot,'
And I said, 'Good mornin', Moses.'

"And I asked, 'Is anyone's flower-bed here,
Or did any gardener sow them?'
And he said, 'The flowers are free as air,
For the Lord Himself did grow them.'

"He smiled at me, so I smiled at him,
And he told me," said little Tot,
"These dear little own blue flowers of God
Are called 'Forget-me-not!'

"There 's many and many of garden flowers
With a name so long it vexes;
So I think it 's kind of God to name
His own little flower with texes!

"I picked them gently as ever I could,
And I looked in their little blue eyes,
And I kissed them softly, and brought them home,
To make me happy and wise.

"So I 'm tryin' to 'member God to-day,
And I 'm tryin' to 'forget-Him-not';
But I 'm *wee*-ry now, with sittin' so still";
And away flew smiling Tot.

O, children dear, each flower that grows,
And every bird that sings,
And the bees that hum, and the breeze that blows,
And the butterfly's painted wing,

And the rainbow ribbon that belts the skies,
All speak, as the flowers to Tot;
They show us our Father, loving and wise,
And bid us "Forget-Him-not."

—*Christian at Work.*

The Shelf in the Attic.

When Kate Holden entered the sitting-room to greet a stylish caller, a glance revealed the disorderly condition of the room that had been made tidy by her own hands but a few hours before. Poor Kate could not conceal her annoyance; and the cloud that rested upon her usually sunny face deepened as she parted from her friend and returned to her mother's room. It was not a new trial. Kate's wisdom and patience had been sorely taxed during the protracted illness of her mother; and the five active children, missing the mother's restraining hand, were rapidly getting beyond her control.

Mrs. Holden listened patiently to Kate's oft-repeated story of thoughtlessness on the part of the children, and realized that something must be done to assist her in enforcing habits of order. Kate's ingenuity soon developed a plan; and the decree went forth that all mislaid articles would be speedily transferred to a certain broad shelf in the attic, from which none but the owner might remove them. The novelty of the plan interested the children; while father, Kate, and even Bridget, promised to submit to its conditions. And Kate, sanguine of success, made haste to appoint a place for everything, and to put everything in its appointed place.

For a few days order reigned in the house. Mary's dolls were carefully returned to their drawer, the boys' hats were hung upon their allotted pegs, Jenny's aprons and ribbons were no longer sown broadcast throughout the house, and even little Charley's blocks and toys were carefully guarded from threatened exile. But careless habits had too long prevailed to be overcome at once, and the first rainy day sent a waterproof and an umbrella to the broad shelf. The same evening, as the children gathered about the table to prepare lessons, Harry's books could not be found.

"Where did you leave them?" asked one.

"I know where you will find them," said Jenny. And, amid peals of laughter, Harry, with more than necessary energy, ascended the attic stairs. This was a valuable reminder to the other children. But soon Mary's dolls disappeared from the sofa, Jenny's paint-box from the dining-table, even Charley's soldiers exchanged their camping-ground in mamma's room for the greater seclusion of the broad shelf in the attic. The children usually submitted cheerfully. Jenny sometimes pettishly complained of the inconvenience of a dressing-room at the top of the house; and John, when time pressed, preferred to do without cuffs and gloves.

"It is n't all fun," said Mary one evening, as she timidly entered the dusky room in search of her composition-book; "but, if we can only catch Kate, I 'll not complain."

An opportunity occurred at length. Kate, preparing for a drive, sought in vain for her muff. She hurried from closet to drawer in search of the missing article that no one had seen, while her escort restrained the impatient horses at the gate.

"Charley must have taken it," she said fretfully; and, finding him in the kitchen, she repeated her question.

"Yes," said the little rogue, "I found it on mamma's bed; and Bridget and I putted it away on the attic shelf, where she found my blocks."

Bridget suddenly disappeared; and Kate, followed by the children's shouts of triumph, sought the attic shelf.

Mr. Holden's turn came at last.

"Children," he asked hurriedly one morning, "have you seen my driving-gloves?"

"Yes, papa, dear," replied Mary, sweetly. "I saw them last night in the attic on the broad shelf."

A look of astonishment, not unmingled with displeasure, passed over his face as he repeated, "In the attic?"

Mary saw the half-frightened looks of the children, the cloud upon her father's face, and, fearing she had ventured too far, quickly sprang up, saying: "Forgive me, papa. I 'll go and get them."

"No, no," said Mr. Holden. "I had quite forgotten the new law; but, if I have broken it, I 'll pay the penalty." As his heavy steps ascended the stairs, the repressed mirth gave way to merry laughter, in which he heartily joined. Quiet was scarcely restored when Bridget was heard anxiously inquiring for a lost broom.

"You 'll find it on the broad shelf in the attic," shouted Harry. "The piazza is not a proper place for a broom."

Bridget also mounted the stairs.

"She 's the very last," said Jenny. "It 's doing us lots of good, and I don't mind going every day for the fun of seeing others go."

She did not go every day, however; for orderly habits were becoming fixed in the Holden family. Kate's tasks were greatly lightened; and, when Mrs. Holden was able to resume her place in the family, she found the law, like many another, unnecessary, because seldom transgressed.—*Golden Rule.*

Useful Baboon.

Certain wild animals can be trained to act very intelligently as servants of man, and even to exceed the dog in power of thought and action. Le Vaillant, the African traveler, says that he had a tame baboon which was not only sentinel, but hunter and purveyor of food and water. This monkey, by sheer force of brains, took command of the dogs which protected the camp, and used and directed them just as the older baboons command and direct the rest of the tribe.

By his cries, says Le Vaillant, he always warned us of the approach of an enemy before even the dogs discovered it. They were so accustomed to his voice that they used to go to sleep, and at first I was vexed with them for deserting their duties; but when he had once given the alarm, they would all stop to watch for his signal, and on the least motion of his eye, or the shaking of his head, I have seen them rush toward the quarter where his looks were directed.

I often carried him on my hunting expeditions, during which he would amuse himself by climbing trees, in order to aid us in the pursuit of game.

When he was thirsty he used to hunt about and discover some succulent tuber which was as effectual under the circumstances as watermelon. One might say that he was not more clever than a truffle-dog; but though the dog can find a root, he cannot dig it up.

The baboon did both, having the advantage of hands; though he used these, not to extract the root, but to adjust his weight so as to use the leverage of his teeth to the best advantage.

He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth, pressed his four paws on the earth, on all sides of it, and then drew his head slowly back. The root generally followed.

If this plan did not succeed, he seized the root as low down as he could, and then throwing his heels over his head, turned a back somersault and came up smiling with the root in his mouth. It was easy to teach him that it was a part of his business to find these roots, and that his master must "go shares."

Everything that taxes the mind is in the nature of mental discipline.—*C. H. Parkhurst.*

A 24-page Weekly.

THE NEW UNITY

$2.00 per Annum.

...PUBLISHED FOR...

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

—BY—

ALFRED C. CLARK, 185 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

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All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to Alfred C. Clark, 185 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.—All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

SUMMER SUNDAYS.—The following is another object-lesson for churches. This is the way they do it at the Unitarian Church at Rochester while their pastor is away resting from past labors by preparing himself for future work:

As usual during the summer vacation, our chapel will be open every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Those who come bringing flowers will find a flower committee to welcome them, and to carry the sweet peas to the homes and hospitals. The service begins at 10:30, and will be in charge of the following friends:

July 18. W. C. Gannett: "A Reading of Lowell's 'Cathedral'." (Please bring the poem with you.)

July 25. Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson: "God's Will."

August 1. Mrs. S. A. West: "Symbols that are Sacramental."

August 8. (In the church.) Rev. N. M. Mann: "Forgiveness."

August 15. John M. Dana: "Henri-Frederick Amiel,—His Life and Thinking."

August 22. George H. Smith: "Our Sundays Abroad."

August 29. Mrs. Isabel C. Darrow: "The Gospel that I Find in Theosophy."

THE PROFESSION OF LIBRARIAN.—There are now four schools in this country specially devoted to the specific training of librarians. One, the parent school at Albany, N. Y., has reached its twenty-first year, and is supported by the American Librarian Association; the second at the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia; the third, Armour Institute of Chicago; the last, the Los Angeles (Cal.) Public Library School. A summer class is in session at Amherst, and we believe there is a school soon to be established in connection with the University of Illinois at Champlain. The *Home and Club Life* argues, rightly as we think, that this profession is pre-eminently adapted for women—indeed a large majority of the American Librarian Association are women. Many women have made themselves a conspicuous place in the fraternity, and are at the head of libraries in the fraternity.

"THE CONSUMERS' LEAGUE."—A recent number of *Lend-a-Hand* gives some interesting information concerning this movement inaugurated by Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell of New York City. It is an attempt to publish a "White List" of shops and stores where the standard of dealing with their employees and manufacturers is practically a fair one. There are at present some eighteen hundred members of the league, and the work of it discloses some startling facts, with which we wish our readers were acquainted. For instance, it transpires that sixteen firms in New York City demanded and received at the holiday season of 1895 sixty-two hundred hours of free labor from their employees during the Christmas holidays.

LITHIA SPRINGS ASSEMBLY.—Brother Douthit's work near Shelbyville begins August 5th and continues to the 23d. A full programme of each day's work is before us, with a brilliant array of speakers, including Booker T. Washington, Sam Jones, W. W. Fenn, Dr. Talmadge, J. T. Sunderland, Dr. Carlos Martyn, Mrs. Eliza R. Sunderland, John G. Woolley, Colonel Sobieskie, and many others. We wish this assembly great success in its work of carrying light into Egypt.

REV. B. FAY MILLS.—This gentleman is just now the subject of much editorial comment among our religious exchanges. This evangelist had spoken twice under the Unitarian auspices. The Congregationalists became anxious, and asked concerning his theological whereabouts. The reply was unsatisfactory on account of its omissions. *The Outlook* was disturbed because of the tendency in some quarters to claim as Unitarian all liberal-thought and progressive thinkers. Meanwhile, Mr. Mills is traveling the only available highway for him who takes the sociological, rather than the theological, route to the kingdom. He is to be heard from farther down the road.

MADISON, WIS.—A lecturer at the Catholic Summer School at this place declared that the Protestant churches were in a state of disintegration, hence a return to Rome is to be expected on the part of the masses. Mr. Simonds, of the Unitarian church, agreed concerning the disintegration, but he thinks it argues an advance to rationalism, and closed his summer work with a hopeful outlook.

Old and New.

Voltaire or the Vatican.

Mr. Simonds believed the tendency was toward rationalism, the church of reason. He quoted from Voltaire to show that the latter's religion was that of the free and enlightened reason; his creed, "Believe in a good God and be good.' Of the Catholic church, he said no other institution so appeals to the imagination of men, on account of its high antiquity, its unity and history, its august hierarchy. It has been the friend of the fine arts, the builder of cathedrals and the religious mother of generations of men. When Protestants honestly investigate their religion they end in becoming rationalists or Catholics. John Henry Newman, the studious, the seeker of repose, became a Catholic, his more vigorous brother, Francis, a rationalist. Cardinal Manning ended in a Romanist, Henry Drummond, Thomas Carlyle, and George Eliot, all reared in the atmosphere of Anglicanism, became rationalists. He believed when the crisis came the world would not turn Catholic because the reason for a special supernatural revelation in religion and not in other departments of life will become more and more unthinkable, and because the church must be judged by its fruits. There is no spot on earth where Catholic influence is supreme to-day where

an intelligent American Catholic would care to live. The church is a very human institution, full of the lights and shades, the good and evil of human nature. In closing, Mr. Simonds said:

"So to-day I make my choice. Reason is not a perfect but it is our safest guide, and liberty is life. I stand with Bruno, who in the flames defied the church of supernaturalism. And in this I stand with Voltaire who gave, as Carlyle said, the death stab to superstition. And above all I take my place and cast my lot with the greatest of God's latest prophets—Theodore Parker—who, in the midst of unceasing conflict with popular superstition and profitable cruelty, found time to lay the foundations for that absolute religion beneath whose star-gemmed roof free souls shall worship for a thousand years to come."
—*From the State Journal, Madison, Wis.*

Paul Revere the Dentist.

An old advertisement of 1768, in the Boston *Gazette*, recently revived by the New York *Tribune*, shows that this hero of the midnight ride got his living in another way, as indicated below:

WHEREAS many persons are so unfortunate as to lose their Fore-Teeth by Accident, and otherways, to their great Detriment, not only in Looks, but Speaking both in Public and Private:—This is to inform all such, that they may have them re-placed with artificial Ones, that looks as well as the Natural, & answers the End of Speaking to all Intents, by PAUL REVERE, Goldsmith, near the head of Dr. Clarke's Wharf, Boston.

Puritan Piety.

The following indicates the kind of Puritan that did not belong to the church, of which recent historians say there were quite a few. It is safe to assume that the modern descendants are born in the line of Sarah rather than of John, judging by contemporary evidence.

The Subscriber being apprehensive that her Husband, John Brooks, will contract debts on her account—this is to forbid any person trusting him on her account, as she will not satisfy any debt so contracted after this date—altho' my compassion for him is such that he shall not want for anything I can help him to—knowing him to be a poor, forlorn young man. I cannot but pity his condition, and sincerely hope he will alter his way of life for the better—tear jealousy from his heart—bury in oblivion his unhappy temper, and take up a firm resolution that he will turn from the error of his ways to a better course of life, become a good citizen, a friend to his wife and children, and not hearken any more to his supposed friends (the greatest enemies)—this is the sincere wish of the Subscriber. SARAH BROOKS.

Marblehead, March 27, 1793.

"The People are Hungry

For just such literature as THE NEW UNITY contains," was the expression used by one of our oldest subscribers, a few days since, when in to pay up her subscription. "I always mail my copy to a friend who lives in Peoria, after I have read it." It may be that you know of some person (or a dozen, or a hundred) who are hungry for such literature. If so, send us their names and addresses and we will gladly send them sample copies free.

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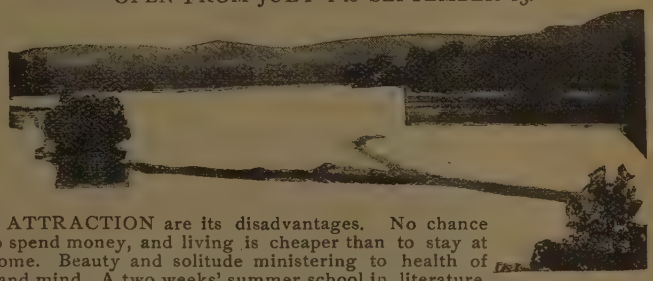

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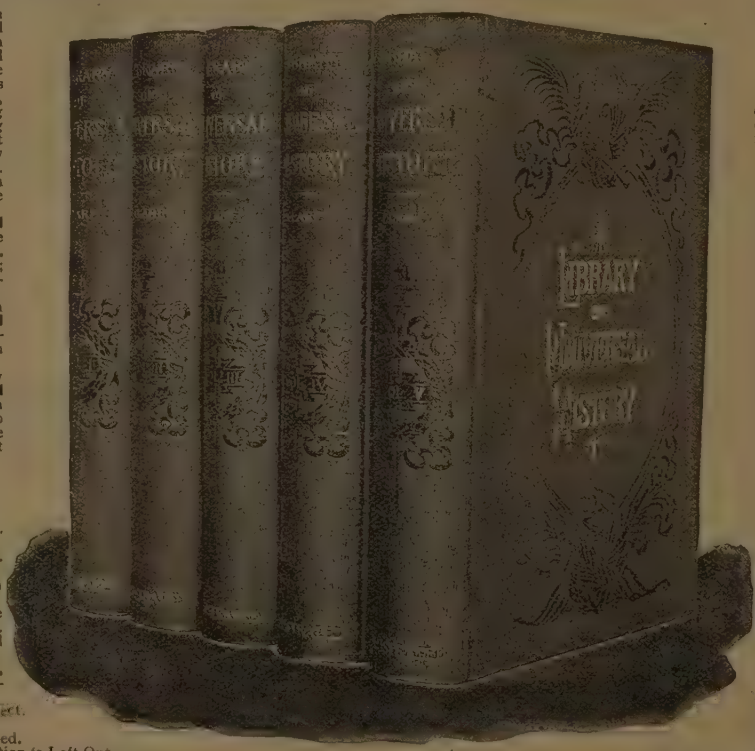

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George Emory Fellows, Ph. D., Professor of European History, University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.

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established Anglican Church, settled in Holland. They were led by the Reverend John Robinson. Failing to become reconciled to the customs and habits of the Dutch, these humble Puritans, who felt that they were only pilgrims in this world, resolved to emigrate to the wilds of America, where they might worship God in their own way.

These Puritans in Holland formed a partnership with some London merchants, who furnished them with capital for their enterprise. They returned to England; and in September, 1620, one hundred and one of these pious men and women sailed for New England in a vessel called the *Mayflower*. These *Pilgrim Fathers*, as they are called, landed on a rock on the coast of Massachusetts bay, on the 21st of December, 1620. They named the place of landing *Plymouth*, and the town which they founded is the oldest in New England. In the cabin of the Mayflower, just before landing, they had adopted a written constitution of government, and chosen John Carver for their governor. Several months after their landing (March 21, 1621) Governor Carver made a treaty of friendship with Massasoit, the sachem of the Wampanoag Indians. A few days after this treaty Governor Carver died, and William Bradford became governor of the colony. Many of the settlers had died during the winter. Other emigrants came. In 1627 the Plymouth colonists purchased the interests of the London merchants, and became the sole proprietors of the country in which they had established themselves; and in 1634 they abolished their pure democracy, and adopted the more convenient form of representative government.

In 1628 John Endicott and one hundred Puritan emigrants founded Salem. They had been sent from England by a company which the following year (1629) was incorporated *The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England*. In the same year the Company assigned the charter and government to the colonists. During 1629 other immigrants arrived and settled Charlestown.

In 1630 a large number of Puritans from England arrived at Salem, with John Winthrop as governor. Some of them made settlements at Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, Cambridge and Lynn; while Winthrop and others settled Boston, which became the capital of the Massachusetts Bay colony and the future metropolis of New England. In 1634 representative government was established in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

THE MAYFLOWER.

The Puritans, who had just suffered so much persecution in England for their religious opinions, were no sooner settled in New England than they became persecutors themselves, and allowed no toleration for difference of opinion in religious or civil matters. In 1635 Roger Williams, a Puritan minister of the gospel, was banished from the Massachusetts Bay colony, because he advocated toleration for all religious beliefs. Williams founded the colony

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There are eight essays, four by each of the authors. It is hard to choose from them, when all are excellent. Perhaps "Blessed be Drudgery," and "A Cup of Cold Water" will appeal most strongly to many. It is rarely realized, and therefore cannot be too often repeated, that the drudgery which seems to dwarf our lives is the secret of their growth. Life could easily be made beautiful, if each would offer the "cup of water" to the thirsty one near him, and all are thirsting for something.

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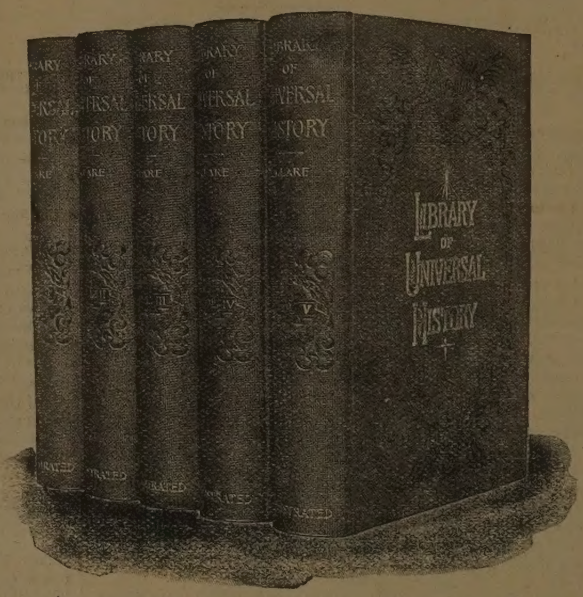

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